PART II. FOUR PAGES.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1916.

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Red Sox Defeat Dodgers, 6 to 5, in First Game of World's Baseball Series

Boston Defence Stands Test in Big Crisis

Dodgers Fail to Break Through Stone Wall Inner Line of Champions' Ramparts-Scott's Throw Saves Day for Boston.

By W. J. MACBETH.

Boston, Oct. 7.—Boston's defence stood the test in the opening game the 1916 world's series with Brooklyn at Braves Field to-day. That, a word, tells the story of the 6 to 5 victory of the world's champions appearance in defence of their title.

couldn't break through the stone wall inner line of the id make one wonderful ninth inning rally that drove Ernie he box and threatened to retrieve a victory that had been

with the verdict hanging on a hit side the count two and one the captain of the Dodgers met a fast ball squarely and shot it toward left field. This harp grounder rattled past Larry fardner, evidently as safe as the bunting of the Red Sox was simply wonderful. Brooklyn's infield cracked where it was expected to do. Ivy Olson had two boots, Cutshaw a fumble in a pinch. With such support as was for a wonderful stop. The ball, fartnessely for the shortstop, came high on the second bound. It was a leag throw and Jake Daubert is a larg through the could have had no more than two runs off Marquard and Pfeffer.

The breaks went against Brooklyn. Marquard was outlucked rather than outpitched. Boston's second earned run, that of the fifth, was a direct gift from Hi Myers. The centre fielder out by a couple of feet. It took a per- it drop.

nibbling tactics of Wilbert Robertson threatened the long and rangy, though still deadly, Ernie Shore, Boston's infield came to the pitcher's relief with the smartest imaginable plays and set the hurler's feet firmly on solid ground again. No less than four double plays were turned in by the Red Sox, and each killed a hit that had gone before. Two of these double killings were started with none out. The other two retired the side. All ruined good, lusty

gift from Hi Myers. The centre fielder lost a dinky little fly in the sun. He couldn't locate the ball till he heard it drop. That fluke double opened an the play, but Scott had the courage and heart as well as the cunning of arm in the great crisis.

And that was the striking difference between the world's champions and the challengers. The inner line of the Red Sa, barring one slight slip by Janvrin, whe played a magnificent game, nevertheless, was a thing of beauty and mythm—about as near perfection as

Shore Retires Brooklyn on Seven Pitched Balls in First Inning

Emie Shore pitched only seven balls strolled Bill Carrigan ordered Larry

than a sacrifice hit, as Chief Meyers could have nailed Gardner at first had move before he finally missed three wings at curves in short order. Falker watched a curve cut the heart of the plate. The next was a fast ball, it which he was set. Result, a three hit he left centre. With the count was and one Hoblitzell went after a tathall and rolled healy to Cutshav.

Latk Wheat got Brooklyn's first hit as found by Gardner's scratch hit. Nobody was out.

Scott was ordered to bunt, too. He dumped the second pitch, a fast ball, to almost identically the same spot as found by Gardner's scratch hit. This time Mowrey kept his eawy hutted in on the play. He almost collided with Meyers and made the hief with the same of the high with the same of the second pitch, a fast ball, to almost identically the same spot as found by Gardner's scratch hit. This time Mowrey kept away. But George Cuttred over a strike

Emie Shore pitched only seven balls artire Brooklyn in the first inning. If Myers cut at a fast one, the first pitch of the game, and fouled out to lady. Three fast balls settled Daubit, who fanned. Stengel missed a fast one, looked at a curve on the late went after a curve, which is relied to Janvin.

Marquard didn't have such an easy line in the second half. Harry Hooper line in the second half. Harry Hooper than a sacrifice hit, as Chief Meyers.

The Indian catcher retrieved quickly and with a fine throw got Scott easily. Robinson instructed Marquard to give

Robinson instructed Marquard to give the dangerous Cady a base on balls, which gift was speedily forthcoming on four wide pitches.

This loaded the bases, but it brought up Shore. The Red Sox pitcher took one ball, a fast, high one on the inside. The next was a curve right across the middle, which Ernie watched. He missed two other swings at curves. With two and nothing Harry Hooper picked out a fast ball over the middle. He cornected solidly enough, but Myers sprinted away back and toward a neity pick-up and started a double hay with the assistance of Scott and needs. Mowroy walked, but Olson fatned on a fast ball that was low.

Marquard was in the hole badly in Beston's second, but a wonderful running catch that saved the bacon for the time. Shore tossed out Chief Meyers in the third. Then he fanned Marquard. His Myers singled to centre, but Jake Daubert whifled a second time, going after a wide ball on what appeared a hit-and-run play.

Wheat's Triple Sends Stengel Home With Run Which Ties the Score

The Days of Real Sport





Nope, he's out."

How Red Sox and Robins Played First Game of Battle for World Honors.

Hooper, rf..... 4 2 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 1

Walker, cf..... 4 1 2 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0

Boston.

89	Hodhizen, 10		4		U		•	v	v	·		200.00	250	8,000	
	Lewis, If	3	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	
	Gardner, 3b			1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	0	
	Scott, ss	-	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	4	0	l
	Cady c		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	7	0	0	l
	Thomas, c		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	l
	Shore, p		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	ı
	Mays, p		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
	Totals	31	6	8	3	2	0	3	0	6	6	27	19	1	
	Brooklyn.	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	sh	sb	bb	so	po	a	e	
	Myers, rf	5	0	2	.0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	
1	Daubert, 1b		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	1	0	
	Stengel, cf			2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	
1	Wheat, If		1	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	
Þ	Cutshaw, 2b		1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	2	1	
8	Mowrey, 3b		1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	0	
	Olson, ss		0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	1	2	
q	Meyers, c		0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	6	3	0	
1	Marquard, p		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	
	Pfeffer, p		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
			n	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	

*Johnston 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Merkle 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0

Totals......34 5 10 0 2 0 0 0 3 5 24 9 4

*Batted for Marquard in eighth. Batted for Pfeffer in ninth.

Sacrifice hits-Scott, Javrin, Lewis. Sacrifice fly-Scott. Double plays-Janvrin, Scott and Hoblitzell; Hooper and Cady; Gardner, Janvrin and Hoblitzell; Shore, Scott, Janvrin and Hoblitzell. Left on bases-Brooklyn, 6; Boston, 11. First with Run Which Ties the Score

All the goods in their ranks. There's another—three—that's—the see I start the goods in their ranks of the goods in their ranks. There's another—three—that's—the see I start the goods in the derivation of the goods in the starting and the goods in the starting of the goods in the starting and the goods and the goods and the goods in the starting and the goods and g base on errors-Brooklyn, 1; Boston, 3. Bases on balls-Off Marquard, 4; off Pfeffer, 2; off Shore, 3. Hits and earned

F. P. A. SEES RED SOX BEAT ROBINS

The Braves Field Grand Stand Talkers.

FIRST INNING.

"Aw, looka, Cady! Is he there? Is he there?" "Sure, he's there, but the game's young yet." "Brooklyn's yella, I tell ye. Looka Daubert fan!" "Some pitchin'." "Apple pie order; they went out in apple pie order." "Attaboy, Harry! Gosh, he fanned!" "Whee there's a home run! Nope, triple. The game's over. Brooklyn's yella, I tell ye." "Hurry up, Hobby.

"Looka Wheat! He's some batter. Bet he gets a hit." "Bet he don'tsafe, they call him." "Cutshaw'll get one-wow! Some fieldin'. Double play." "Who's this bird?" Olson-he's out."

"Looka Wheat! He's some batter. Bet he gets a hit." "Bet he don't—koyal Roote's band absolute he's band absolute he's band absolute he's band absolute he's painful silence, and William Carrigan called in Shore for a consultation. The called in Shore for a consultation. The gets enthusiastic over such trifles is result was the diagnosing of the case garded as a hick. The Bostonian who gets enthusiastic over such trifles is result was the diagnosing of the case garded as a hick. The Bostonese of of Shore as a severe one of the rattles. He was yanked to the bench, and Mays, shown that the person who persisted in the tricky underhand pitcher of the gets enthusiastic over such trifles is result was the diagnosing of the case garded as a hick. The Bostonian who gets enthusiastic over such trifles is result was the diagnosing of the case garded as a hick. The Bostonian who gets enthusiastic over such trifles is result was the diagnosing of the case garded as a hick is routile is required by the person who persisted in Shore as a severe one of the rattles.

"Lucky?" "Sure it was lucky." "You're crazy!" "Crazy, am I?" "Sure Meyer's is rotten. Them Brooklyns is yella, I tell ye. Pretty lucky for Marquard that time."

"OOO! Some hit o' Janvrins!" "Some hit's right." "The Sox a got it sewed up here. They're playing ball now." "Brooklyn's quittin' cold. Looka that error—another run! Another! There's another—three—that's—lets see Red Sox Take Two Terrific Punches -five to one. Just what Fullerton said. That guy's a wizard!" "Aw, he just guessed." "Guesses nothin'. He knows baseball."

Rally of the Robins Saves a Slow Game

Brooklyn Team Almost Stages a Melodrama in Ninth Inning, When Boston Red Sox Have Lead of Five Big Runs.

By W. O. M'GEEHAN.

Boston, Oct. 7 .- The Brooklyn National League team almost staged a melodrama in the ninth inning of the first game of the world's series at Braves' Field this afternoon. The Boston Red Sox had a 6 to 1 lead at the start of the inning and were flushed to a vivid crimson with victory. But they wilted and paled to a pallid and palpitating salmon pink when the Robins rallied and came so close to turning the tables that the Royal Rooters forgot to chant when it was over.

It was a particularly apathetic crowd for a world's series game up to that ninth inning. The Red Sox were working like a nicely geared machine, while the Brooklyn organization wabbled badly, and its mechanism seemed almost to groan.

Then just as it seemed all over and the nervous ones began to shift toward seats to be had at par. the exits the Boston machine collapsed become blase to this world series stuff. with a bump. Ernie Shore, the tall Jacob Daubert made the first Tar Heel Terror, who had been pitching entrance in the near-melodrama in the with absolute steadiness, began to get ninth inning. Jacob was overdue for

Tar Heel Terror, who had been pitching with absolute steadiness, began to get wild. With the bases filled, Janvrin juggled an easy grounder from Mowrey and a couple of runs came in.

The apathy disappeared. The few Brooklyn rooters ceased to emulate the clam of Long Island. They began to shout encouragement and the neutral spectators began for the first time to take some interest. There seemed to be reason to believe that the always popular melodrama, "Tied in the Ninth," was about to be staged with all the Belasco trimmings.

Up to that time it was just a common or garden variety of ball game. The world's series glamour seemed to be lacking. The teams were runnig to the form which the dope indicated. The crowd was startlingly peaceful and self-contained. After each inning the Bostonese chanted "Tessie," but they did it in a particularly orderly and perfunctory fashion. It might have been any old game in the back home lot schedule as far as excitement went.

There were vacant seats in all of the stands, too. An hour before the game President Lannin's hired men were announcing to the populace of Boston that there were still plenty of good

Locko Daubert Fails When Things**

Look Rosy for Flatbush Cohorts

walked, bringing in Cutshaw. The two of these quit on the first lap around the field.

Royal Rooters' band subsided into a Boston has become so used to world's

The next was a wild one, and Merkle only three paraded with the band, and

Meyer's is rotten. Them Brooklyns is yella, I tell ye. Pretty lucky for Marquard that time."

"Lucky?" "Sure, it was lucky." "You're crazy!" "Crazy, am I!" "Sure it was you're crazy." "Oh, you make me tired!"

"THRD INNING.

"Meyer's—he's out," "Marquard's fanned. The whole team's rotten. They got no pep." "That's a hit, all right!" "Yep, that's a daisy. Maybe they'll win at that."

"Daubert—fanned again! Some pitchin', Ernie." "Looks that wallop of white the bench about the same part to be got no pep." "That's a hit, all right!" "You're crazy!" "No you don't." "Idon't hey?" "Naw!" "Well ain't the Sox got a run, like I said! That's enough to win this game. That'll be the final score—one to nothin."

"Whozat? Stengle. Some wallop! Brooklyn's likely to win now." "That's right." "Gosh! looks Wheat! Triple—one run!" "That's all. That ties it."

"Brooklyn's got it put away new! The Red Sox got a yella streak." "Yep, they can't keep up the strain." "They're playing like a bunch o' dubs now. Can't hit that lefthander pitchin."

"What'd I tell ye!" "Ad double for Hooper. Now they're playin'—watch now."

"Nothin' doin!." "Two to one, That'll be the final score—you mark my words." "Looks that double play! That's the greatest infield in the world!"

"SIXTH INNING.

"Wow! Looks that double play! That's the greatest infield in the world!"

"Took like it. These games gen'ally settle down about this time."

SIXTH INNING.

"Wow! Looks that double play! That's the greatest infield in the world!"

"Took of him end of the game." "The year of the substitution of the substitution

At the Rube in the Third Inning

Things began to look just a bit brighter for the roving Robins. Casey Stengel singled and scored on a noble clout by Buck Wheat, which went for a three-bagger. Cutshaw tried to make it a batting rally, but Hooper nailed his drive and shot it home, heading off Wheat, while nonchalantly sitting on the grass.

on the grass.
This same Hooper, addicted to

Rube in the third inning just after the southpaw had pulled himself out of a hole, seemingly by his boot straps, in the preceding inning. Hoblitzell met one of Rube's offerings right on the nose for a three-bagger along the third base line. Lewis, the native son who raised so much havor along the third base line. Lewis, the native son who raised so much havor in the series of a year ago, brought him home with a double. But the Rube's sang froid wasn't joited an iota.

Things began to look just a bit brighter for the roving Robins. Casey Stengel singled and scored on a noble clout by Buck Wheat, which went for a three-bagger. Cutshaw tried to make it a batting rally, but Hooper nailed his drive and shot it home, heading off Wheat, while nonchalantly sitting the state of the Rube when the southpaw was withdrawn for a pinch hitter. Hooper easy one from Janvrin.

By this time it looked as though the Massachusetts codish would have a peaceful and orderly meal of soft shell Long Island clams, when Shore blew and the near climax was staged.

Personally we should like to see the calm of this confident burg rufon the grass.

This same Hooper, addicted to breaking up world's series games, made a lucky two-bagger in the fifth. Myers might have had it, but he lost the ball in the sun. Janvin sacrificed him to third and he scored on Walker's drive to centre.

In the seventh inning the Robins showed their worst case of stage fright. Janvin drove a two-base smash along the first base line, and Robbie's men seemed to feel that the whole afternoon was about to go up in one loud explosion.

Ivan Ivory O son went all to pieces and missed one that Walker drove right into his trembling paws. Hoblitzell sent one directly to Cutshaw, who also suffered from stage fright, and Janvin scored. Then William Carrigan signalled for a little of that bunting game for which the Sox are